The ISLAND of REGENERATION

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SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a dog, a Bible and a silver box, which lead her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when a child, and that his name is John Revell Charnock of Virginia. Near the skeleton she finds two woman's rings, one of which bears an inscription "J. R. C. to M. P. T. Sept. 18, 1889." Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem had attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her, and they decide to put her theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a handclasp they go away together. A few days on his yacht shows her that the man only professed lofty ideals to possess her.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

She began to realize how helpless she was. Under the inspiration of a belief, which was as honest as it was mistaken, she had put herself in the power of this man. Even if she were ashore, there would be no one to whom she could appeal, and here on the ship she was helpless. Lingering remains of better things had kept him from the last resort of the tyrant—force!—but how long these would be operative in restraint she could not tell. She fancied not for long. What should she do then?

She saw the end coming when in his anger he resorted to drink, to drink which exploded the last vestige of his philosophy, however he had professed it. She was frightened beyond measure when she realized the depths to which he had sunk and to which, in spite of herself, he had dragged her. What further descent was before her? She did not even yet abandon that philosophy which had served her so ill. She clung to that with the more tenacious pride because of its very weakness, but she loathed mankind. On that yacht he summed up for her the whole human race, and she hated him and it. To what sorry pass had a few weeks' practical experience reduced her!

She had begged and pleaded with him to alter the yacht's course, but he had sworn he would go farther south into those unknown seas and keep her there until she crawled to his feet. So the long hours dragged on. The inevitable rupture drew nearer. At last it came. In its details it was horrible, but there was in it a great relief after all.

CHAPTER VII.

The Joy of Freedom.

One night at dinner she had fled from him. He had been drinking more heavily than usual and was in an ugly mood. His handsome face was flushed, a savage frown overspread his brow. He had risen during the meal and with a coarse endearment had attempted to lay hands upon her—at last! She had broken away and darted into the nearest cabin, which happened to be his own. She had closed the door and turned the key against him before he realized what she was about. She stood within the little room, panting, enraged, fearful, yet ready to defend her all and almost glad the crisis had arrived. She could hear his drunken laugh outside the door.

"Why, you little fool!" he cried, "do you think I can't break that lock down in a moment? The ship's mine, every man on it's mine. I pay 'em. They do my bidding. I have you where I want you and I can have you when I please, now—or later."

Was it true? Could she appeal to the men? But what could she say? Although the world knew there was no binding tie between them, to the officers and men of the yacht she was his wife. They would not interfere. And if she declared the truth, she would put herself beyond the pale of their sympathies. Being merely stupid men, with conventional ideas about propriety, in that event they would be less apt to interfere than ever. It was true she could do nothing. She sank down on a hassock, clenching her hands.

As she sat, her eyes fell on a chest of drawers screwed against the bulkhead. The top contained various toilet articles of silver. Among them was a picture, the picture of a woman. It was not her picture. Moved by what impulse she did not stop to analyze, she rose and picked it up. The face she looked at was ineffably vulgar and common. Across the bottom was written in a scrawly unformed hand, "Your devoted wife." There was a date several years before that hour. Your devoted wife! She had been in that stateroom before; she had never seen that picture. He had only brought it out since the rupture between them.

And so while entering into this relationship with her, in compliance with principles and ideas which she at least regarded as sacred and holy, he had not been a free man! There was another woman to whom he had been bound. Oh, not by the marriage tie that she disdained, but by the honor which was supposed to exist among thieves and which certainly should exist among philosophers. And such a woman! A cold fury filled her mind as she looked at the picture. The last completing touch had been given. To contempt and pity for him was added hatred. The combination transformed her. Instead of avoiding, she would seek him.

He was still in the cabin. She could hear him muttering thickly to himself. Impulsively she stepped to the door, turned the key in the lock, threw it open and entered the brilliantly lighted luxurious cabin. He had dismissed the attendants some time since with orders not to reappear unless he summoned them, and they were alone. There was no likelihood of any interruption whatsoever. The man, who was leaning back in his chair, bent forward when she opened the door. He laughed viciously. If she had reflected, she would have marveled at the change that a few weeks had wrought in one whom she had hitherto deemed worthy of her affection, but she had eyes and thought for nothing except the business in hand.

"So you've come out, have you?" he stammered triumphantly. "Come of your own free will! You've found out, have you, that I am master and you are coming to heel?"

He whistled to her derisively, whistled as if to a dog!

"Who is this?" asked the woman in a voice carefully suppressed, yet which shook with wrath.

She held the photograph in its heavy silver frame up before him.

"That's my wife," he said equably, with no surprise or consternation. "We haven't lived together for some years," he went on with drunken good nature, "or I'd take you back to San Francisco and introduce you to her."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the woman in that same low, tense voice. "Then what am I?"

"My mistress," said the man, bluntly, throwing the last shred of concealment and decency to the winds, "and a damned obstreperous one at that," he went on.

Now, the woman believed in no Providence, but a trick got from her ancestry wrung the words from her lips.

"My God! My God!" she whispered.

"You haven't any," sneered the man. "You told me so yourself." He laughed. "And I believed you. I would have believed anything to get you."

Well, there was no God the woman realized, but she would be her own god. Her body shrank together a little, her hands clenched. The feline was uppermost. She could have sprung upon him, but she waited, waited for she knew not what.

"Whom the gods destroy," ran the ancient phrase, "they first make mad."

He rushed to his doom with blind folly.

"You needn't be jealous of her, my dear," he mumbled on. "I used to think I loved her and we were married, damned foolishness, as you might say. She can't hold a candle to you, if you are a little touched," he tapped his forehead impudently—"in the upper story."

And this man, this degraded thing, regarded her as a mad woman. There might be no God, but there was a devil and he stood before her. There might be no heaven, but there was a hell and she was in it.

"On second thoughts," he rambled on, "I couldn't introduce you to her. You aren't respectable and she is."

He stopped and poured himself another drink.

"Respectable!" he laughed. "To hell with respectability. We know a better thing that that! 'Soul to soul, heart to heart, the union of equals without the trammels of conventional bonds for weaker beings.' Yes, that's what you said."

And she recognized with horror that he was quoting her own words.

"But it doesn't go, you see. It's all very well in theory, but it doesn't work out in practice. The world's got some ideas of its own. It's been holding 'em for a good many thousands of years and you can't change 'em. You belong to me now. To hell with your equality! You are nothing more nor less than my property, and mark you," he reached out a trembling finger and shook it at her, "your salvation is with me. If I cast you off, you go into the gutter."

She wondered vaguely how much more of this she could stand and live.

"But don't be afraid," he went on with a drunken attempt at reassurance; "you are too fine and too handsome, even if you are cracked, for that—yet. I'm glad to see you've come to your senses."

He rose heavily as he spoke and felt his way around the table hand over hand. He approached her. She let him do it. She shrank a little closer together, every muscle tense for action. She was no longer a woman; she was a human tigress and her philosophy was gone. He was too drunk to see it, too incapacitated to take warning.

"That's right," he continued as he lurched nearer to her. "Stay right there. I'm coming to you as fast as I can and when I get close to you, we'll kiss, and—"

He was by her side now. He straightened himself up with a spasmodic effort, released his hold on the table and stretched out his arms toward her. And then she sprang at him. How she did it, she could never tell, but in some way her outstretched arms, grasping for his throat, struck him in the breast. Unsteady on his feet, he went down as if he had been shot. Such was the violence of his fall that the momentum carried her with him. She fell upon him with all her force. His head went back and struck the deck with a frightful crash. She herself was almost stunned by the violence of her own fall, although his body broke it.

She arose and stood over him for a minute and then she lifted her foot and brought it down upon him. He had said she was a mad woman and it was true. She was crazed by what she had heard, by the horror of the situation. She had not changed her dress for dinner that afternoon. She was wearing a pair of light boating shoes. It was lucky for him. If she had worn evening slippers with high, rigid heels, she would have mashed his face beyond recognition. As it was, she left horrible marks upon it. He lay absolutely motionless. She could see that he was still breathing and was not dead. If she had had a weapon she might have killed him in the fury and transport of her rage. This wretched philosopher! As no resistance came from him, she presently stopped, the feminine in her slowly rising to the fore.

She realized now that the irrevocable had happened; that there was no longer room for two of them on that ship. As the mists of passion cleared away, although the fire of rage still

In His Anger He Resorted to Drink.

burned in her heart, her mind cleared also. She thought with such rapidity as she had never thought before.

First she picked up a cloak, threw it about her and went on deck. A cabin attendant was standing at the companionway, as was always the case, waiting a possible summons. She told him that his master was ill and did not desire to be disturbed. He did not even want the dinner things cleared away. He wanted to be left entirely alone until morning. The servant smiled slightly, she thought, in the light from the cabin skylight. She noticed that it was a moonless night, cloudy, overcast, for she could see no stars. She knew what that smile meant; that the man realized what sort of sickness his owner and master was liable to. She bade him tell the officer of the deck her message and then dismissed him.

Then she returned to the cabin and carefully locked the door. She glanced at the man as she did so. He lay just as he had lain before. She bent over him. He was still breathing, she noted with—was it regret? But she wasted no time over him. Time was the most precious of all things to her at that moment.

She had a clear and definite plan of action. She knew exactly what she intended to do and how she intended to do it. Fortunately the means of escape were at hand. They had passed one or two tiny islands during the day, mere treeless spots of sand or coral in the vast of the ocean, but prospects that others more inviting might be raised had caused the man to order the power tender to be got overboard. This was a good, substantial boat, 15 feet in length, broad-beamed and built for heavy seas, yet powerfully engined and capable of good speed. By his direction the tanks had been filled and everything overhauled so that it would be in readiness for use. The sea was very calm and the gentle air scarcely raised a ripple on its surface. To save the trouble of hoisting it aboard again, the tender had been left trailing astern at the end of a long line. It would be ready for instant use. She would escape in that. She knew how to run the motor and how to steer the boat. She had done it many a time.

Carrying her heavy boat cloak she entered her cabin, hastily packed her bag with what things she fancied she would need, returned to the table, took from it every scrap that was edible and portable; without much regard for the niceties she made it up in a heavy parcel which she tied with napkins. She remembered that the water tank in the launch had been filled, so that for a time at least she would lack nothing. Carrying bag and bundle in her hands and with the boat cloak over her arm and a straw hat tied on her head, after one long look at the man, she turned and went aft and re-entered the starboard after stateroom, her own.

The boat's painter had been affixed to the starboard side of the yacht. She opened the stern window and looked out. She leaned far out and by great good fortune in the darkness caught the painter. The boat of course, was swinging to a long rope. She pulled at this line cautiously, although the effort taxed her strength to the utmost. Indeed, she seemed possessed of a fictitious strength for the time being else she never could have accomplished her hard task. But she managed to get the boat practically under the cabin at last. She fastened the painter to her bed, which was of brass and securely screwed to the floor. Then she cut off the line and tied the bundle of provisions and her bag and cloak to the end of it. These she dropped down into the boat. Among the petty articles was a sharp sailor's sheath knife fastened to a lanyard. She slipped this lanyard into her blouse. Then she climbed up on the port sill and essayed the dangerous descent herself. She was glad that she was a strong, athletic woman, used to trusting to her own skill and powers, for it was no easy task to slide down that rope and get into a boat trailing along beneath the counter of a yacht going perhaps 12 knots an hour. Fortunately the engine was well aft and the bow of the launch

She Believed That the Yacht Would Retrace Its Course.

was high out of the water; else her weight would have pressed it down and the back wash from the yacht would perhaps have swamped the launch.

At any rate, she succeeded, although after she got her foot in the bows she slipped and fell. But that she fell straight aft upon the cloak and bundles she would have hurt herself severely. If she had not fallen that way, if she had pitched to the right or the left she would have gone overboard and that would have been the end, for she knew that she would have died rather than appeal to that ship for help. She was fearful that the noise of her fall might have attracted the attention of some one on the deck, but the poop of the yacht was usually deserted at night and it was unlikely that any one would be up there.

Scrambling to her feet, she drew her knife and severed the taut rope that held the launch to the yacht. It parted instantly. She was whirled backwards and sideways with a suddenness that again almost threw her out of the boat. For one agonizing moment the launch lay full in the broad beam of light that proceeded from the bright cabin window she had left. For one agonizing moment of suspense she hung there and then the swirl of the wave carried her into the darkness.

She lay directly in the wake of the yacht, and the launch was pitched up and down by the waves made by the rapidly moving ship with a violence of motion that was sickening. There were a pair of oars in the boat, but she did not break them out. She just drew herself down in the stern sheets and lay there waiting. She knew that the clatter of the motor could be heard a long distance in so still a night and over so still a sea, and therefore, although her impulse was to start it at once, she restrained herself and waited, watching the yacht rapidly disappear. She could mark her course easily by the light from that cabin window. Her ear was keen and she listened until she could no longer detect the beat and throb of the steamer's engines. Then she rose and started the motor.

The boat was provided with a compass, and although she could see no star, she was able to set a course which was directly at right angles to the course of the yacht. She realized, or at least she thought so, that she would be pursued. She believed that the yacht would retrace its course. She decided that those aboard her would reason that she would endeavor to put as much distance as possible between herself and the yacht, and therefore she would sail straight away from it. Consequently, she went broad off to starboard at right angles to the other course. The gasoline tanks were both full. Inasmuch as the boat had been designed for extended cruising in shallow waters, there was enough fuel to keep the motor going for over 30 hours at full speed. The motor was capable of developing at least ten knots per hour. By the same time to-morrow night she would be 240 miles away from the present spot. The yacht was going 12 knots an hour. Her escape would probably not be discovered for ten hours. By that time the yacht would be 120 miles away. They would be 150 miles apart by morning, measured on the hypotheuse, and by night, who could tell? At any rate, she had now done all that she could.

Her condition was desperate; her prospects gloomy beyond expression. She was alone in a small power boat which would be helpless, the sport of wind and waves, after perhaps 30 hours. That boat was alone in the great expanse of the Pacific ocean. Somewhere about there were islands probably. Indeed, on the charts those seas were dotted with points of land, but they were small, inconsiderable, uninhabited, unknown. In that little boat she might pass close by many of them without seeing them. She had provisions, such as they were, and water sufficient perhaps for a week or ten days. After that unless she landed somewhere she would drift on until she starved and died. If a storm came, the launch probably would not survive it. Her chances of escape, in any event, were worse than problematical. The end was almost certain.

But she was happy. The first real ray of happiness which had entered her soul since the beginning of the great awakening, which had culminated in the frightful scene of the night, illumined her being. As she sat in the stern sheets, her hand on the steering wheel, listening to the steady drumming of the motor, seeing the black water broken into foam by the boat's bows flash by her, keeping the launch steady on her course by the aid of the compass needle, her eyes turned ever and anon to the fast diminishing point of light which marked the rapidly disappearing yacht, and she realized that she was free. She had hurled out of her path—and how she exulted in her own prowess; it was something of a salve to her soul for the wretched humiliations which had been heaped upon it—she had hurled out of her path and stricken down as any other animal might have done him who had brought her to this awful pass. She was away from him, free from him. She was once more, so far as wind and wave allowed, the master of her fate, the mistress of her destiny.

She was glad in her heart, too, that there were to be no physical consequences from her brief alliance. She did not realize that there were to be other consequences which not even all the water of the seas over which she floated could wash out. There was a strange elation in her soul. She felt as if in some way she had vindicated her right to be. There was something yet in her philosophy and did opportunity serve, could she get free from the dangers that encompassed her, she vowed that she would prove it.

All night long she stayed awake, keeping the launch in her course. When morning broke she was absolutely alone upon the ocean. Standing erect upon a seat, from her low vantage point she could see nothing but smoothly undulating sea. She breakfasted sparingly from her scanty store and resumed her post at the wheel. She was tired and sleepy, but while the little engine was alive she could not leave it to its own devices. She must hold on her chosen course as long as the motive power remained. She could not lose a moment while that motor throbbed and beat. She must be alive with it. There would be time to sleep when it was exhausted. She must put as many leagues between her and pursuit by holding the direct course as long as was possible.

And so she sat there grimly, hands clutching the wheel through the long day and through the longer night and well into the following morning. It must have been half past ten on the morning of the second day before the motor stopped. The silence, after the ceaseless drumming of a night, a long day, a longer night and a still longer morning, struck her with the same strange sense of shock. She calculated that the motor had been running for 38 hours and that she had gone 380 miles at least on her course. She had seen nothing whatever of the yacht. The chances that it would pick her up, even if it came about and cruised for her, a lonely speck in the ocean,

were millions to nothing. At any rate, she had done all she could. Her philosophy for once stood her in good stead. There was nothing more to be done. She was dead for want of sleep. The sky had been slightly overcast since she had left the yacht, but there had been no storm and weather conditions looked just as they had and seemed to be permanent.

Taking the precaution to examine the gasoline tanks and finding that indeed they had been drained of the last drop, she carefully closed and locked them, thereby assuring her salvation, and spreading the boat cloak in the stern sheets with her bag for a pillow and her straw hat tied over her face to shield it from the sun, she instantly dropped to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cast Up by the Sea.

Day was just breaking again when the woman awoke. Reference to her watch which she had taken the precaution to wind just before she retired disclosed the fact that it was four o'clock in the morning. She had slept unbrokenly since 11 o'clock the morning before. Her sleep had been a stupor of utter and complete exhaustion. Added to the tremendous physical strain of keeping awake and attending to the duty to which she had enforced herself had been the further strain of the terrible events on the night in which she left the yacht, and the apprehension of pursuit which had been continually with her. Her first motion, indeed, was to rise to her feet and scan the horizon. With relief indescribable her scrutiny descovered nothing. She was still alone. Neither the yacht nor any other vessel nor any smallest speck of land was silhouetted against the circling sky line.

She sat in the boat musing a long time and then woke to the fact that she was hungry. Again she satisfied her appetite sparingly from her scanty and rapidly diminishing store of food and drink, and then putting the past resolutely behind her, hoping and perhaps fancying by some exercise of her will power finally she could put it behand her forever, she gave serious thought to her condition.

She realized at last that she in the hands—another would have said of God! she said of chance. The fact that she was so helpless; that all her learning and all her training, and all her skill and all her power were of no avail, made the situation the more galling. Was there nothing that she could do? She reflected deeply and as she did so the breeze sprang up. She judged that the period during which she had slept had been calm and still. Any violent rocking of the boat would have awakened her. Indeed, she felt bitterly cramped and stiff from having lain so long on the hard floor, which only the boat cloak, thick and heavy, made a tolerable bed.

The coming of the breeze stimulated her imagination. It was a gentle breeze. She noticed that it blew from the direction whence she had come by her compass course. If she only had a sail of some kind the boat would be driven along. She must move somewhere. She had heard of ocean currents and drift but she doubted whether the boat was moving, at least sufficiently fast or in any definite direction to make any difference. Unless she got somewhere, she would slowly starve and die just where she was. She stepped forward in the boat and examined the oars. There was a sort of a deck forward over the gasoline tanks. She thought that she might make shift with the remains of the painter, of which she had a good length, to fasten one of the oars in an upright position against it. There were bolts and rings of various sorts on this little deck. She could step the handle of the oar between cleats or ribs at the bottom. At least she would try.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOCTORS AT HEAD

Wood and Ainsworth for United States Army Chiefs.

Nation's Fighting Forces Will Be Under Two Physicians Who Never Had Any Training at West Point.

Washington.—When Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, now in command of the department of the east, Governor's island, New York, becomes chief of staff, April 22 next, the United States army will be headed by two doctors. The other is Maj. Gen. Fred Crayton Ainsworth, adjutant general of the army. Neither is a West Pointer.

General Wood is the ranking major general of the army, and Maj. Gen. Ainsworth is next in number. There is only eight months difference in their rank, though ten years difference in their length of service. Ainsworth entered the army ten years before Wood, but Wood was promoted to be major general eight months before Ainsworth reached the rank. The two doctor generals have been personal friends for years.

The careers, capabilities and characteristics of the two men—both of whom entered the army as civilians—are so nearly parallel that the close relation into which they will be thrown has excited great interest in army circles in Washington.

"What will the two doctors do with our army?" is the question agitating not only West Pointers (from generals to new second lieutenants), but

Gen. Fred Ainsworth.

their wives; because what happens in the army is as much of a domestic as an official affair. Both men are surgeons and the extraordinarily rapid rise of the two doctors has never been regarded with enthusiasm by those of the line. Both men are remarkable for their executive ability, and are regarded with great friendliness by statesmen. Both are New Englanders, General Wood being a Massachusetts man, while General Ainsworth was born in Vermont.

Only one man who entered the army as a medical officer has traveled further than General Ainsworth. That man is General Wood. General Ainsworth is a native of Woodstock, Vt., and was graduated from the medical school of the University of New York in 1874. He immediately entered the army as an assistant surgeon. In 1892 he was made colonel and chief of the record and pension office of the war department. From that time on his advance has been by leaps and bounds. He was made a brigadier general in 1899, and in 1904 was made a major general and military secretary of the army.

It was while serving as chief of the record and pension system that Ainsworth first attracted the attention of army officers and politicians and gave evidence of the unusual executive ability which has been largely responsible for his rapid rise.

He was one of the first officials of the government to evolve and perfect a card system. Some say that he is an even better card indexer than Postmaster General Frank E. Hitchcock, who has gained fame in that role. He did away with an infinity of useless red tape and abolished many cumbersome methods that he found in vogue. In a short time and with apparent ease he built up a system of 50,000,000 record cards by the use of which he could find out in two minutes all about any man who ever served in the United States army or navy, either as a regular or as a volunteer, from the days of Bunker Hill to the days of Kettle Hill and later.

The fame of his system soon made General Ainsworth popular with all who had business with the war department. When a senator or representative receives a request from some woman in his district for the record of an ancestor in the Revolutionary war, upon which she depends to get into the Daughters of the American Revolution, the worried legislator telephones General Ainsworth and within an hour General Ainsworth has the record ready for him. In consequence of his executive ability and willingness to oblige he has hosts of friends in and out of congress who are glad to advance his fortunes in any way possible.

General Wood's most powerful political backing was due to his close friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, which greatly accelerated his rapid rise in the army. The two met in the west and later served together in the Spanish war.

Sewing Up a Man's Heart.

From Berne, Switzerland, comes the account of a marvelous surgical operation, undertaken by the surgeons of the principal hospital of the city, and attended with complete success. In the course of a quarrel some time ago, Arthur Schmid, a strong young man, was stabbed through the heart. The hospital doctors operated at once on the unconscious man, sewing up the wounded organ. Schmid improved in health every day, and was recently discharged after five months, as cured. He was warned by the doctors not to laugh or cry for several months in order not to "work" the stitched up heart too much.

Surrendered Only To Age

New York Cashier Who Had Fourteen Days Off in Fifty-Two Years of Service.

For 52 years Louis Nicolovian had been cashier and office manager for Schefer, Schramm & Vogel, bankers and commision merchants at 476 Broome street, and in that time he had lost 14 days, the New York Times says. These came so far apart that most of the men in the office do not now remember that he was ever away.

One recent Tuesday the tall, straight, black-haired old man did not appear at his desk. The employes remembered that he had often said that he hated to see Sunday come in to spoil his work; that when on Monday morning he got back to his figures he had always seemed as happy as a boy out of school.

It was almost preposterous to think of him, though he was 97 years old, as sick; it was even more preposterous to think that he had allowed any ordinary thing to keep him away from his ledger. Yet no word came from him.

The large force of men over whom he had charge talked in whispers about the extraordinary thing that must have kept Louis Nicolovian away from his work. His chair seemed strangely vacant. There was about his closed desk and the corner where he always sat a depressing lonesomeness. It seemed as desolate as an old country house when its occupants have departed and its windows are nailed up.

After three days' absence, the old man entered the office. The employes expected him to take his chair and go on with his figures. He didn't. He walked into the private office of Carl Schefer, senior member of the firm, and remained there a long time. When he came out he walked to his old desk, weeping, bade it a silent farewell. Then he went out.

In the last few days his 97 years had at last forced him to recognize their claim. He had voluntarily retired. For the rest of his life he is to get a pension of half his salary.

What It Demonstrated.

"How did the Neverbust tire test turn out?"

"Do you mean the test run of the Skooter car equipped with Neverbust tires?"

"Yes."

"Why the chauffeur got full and ran the car into a hitching post."

"What did the Neverbust press agent say about it?"

"He said the test clearly demonstrated the fact that the country needs better roads."